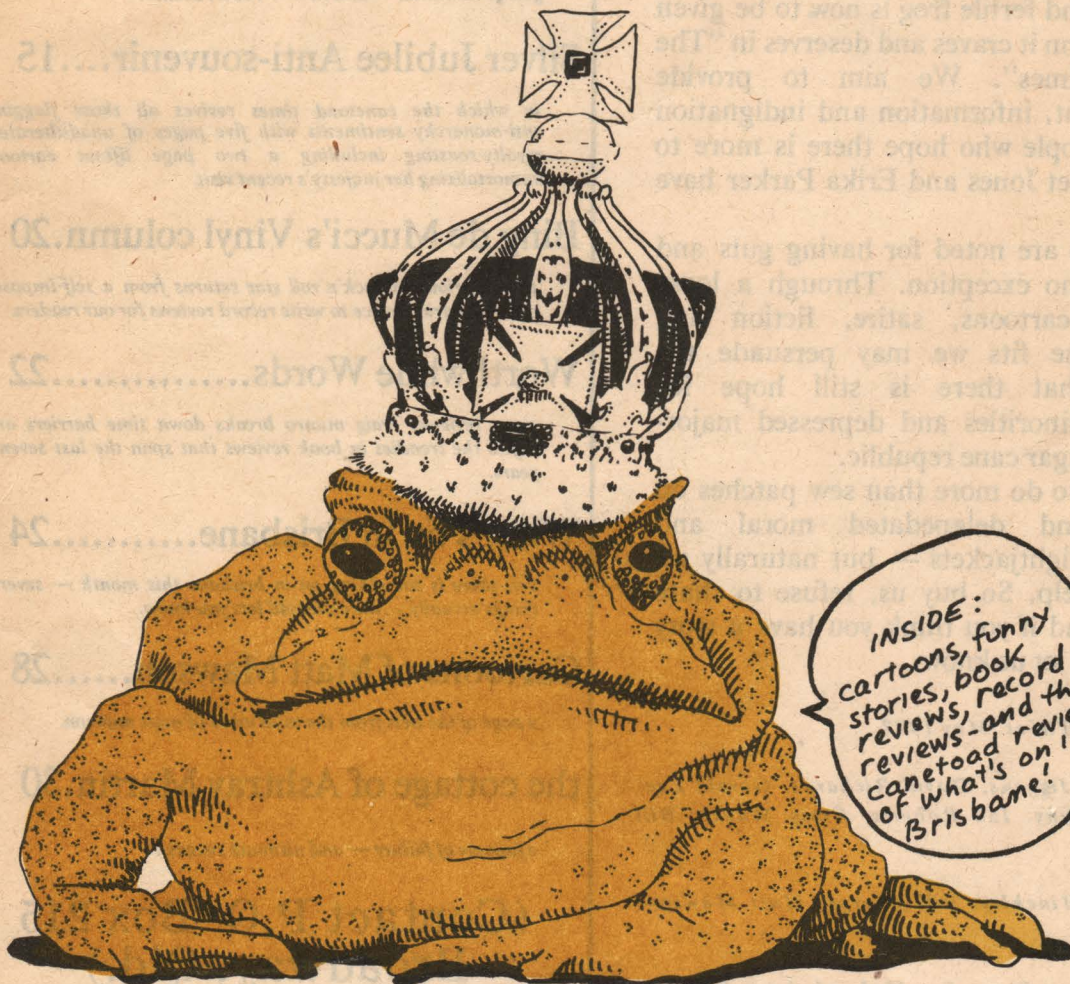


# THE CANE TOAD TIMES

50 cents



INSIDE:  
cartoons, funny  
stories, book  
reviews, record  
reviews - and the  
canetoad review  
of what's on in  
Brisbane!

MAY 1977



# WELCOME TO CANETOAD COUNTRY

News that the canetoad was packing his poison bags and heading south have bought long faces to the fans of this much maligned, but fascinating amphibian — not to mention the young sadist set, who have always found a myriad of uses for the versatile creature, from organic cricket to live-action barbecues. Apparently, the canetoad, like many of his fellow Queenslanders has found the heat too hot and is heading for the cooler (and more liberal?) environs of the temperate zone.

But Canetoad Watchers, take heart! This gregarious and fertile frog is now to be given the recognition it craves and deserves in "The Cantoad Times". We aim to provide entertainment, information and indignation for those people who hope there is more to life than Juliet Jones and Erika Parker have to offer.

Canetoads are noted for having guts and this one is no exception. Through a loose format of cartoons, satire, fiction and whatever else fits we may persuade the Canetoad that there is still hope for oppressed minorities and depressed majorities in the sugar cane republic.

We hope to do more than sew patches on outdated and delapidated moral and political straightjackets — but naturally we need your help. So buy us, refuse to share your copy and if you think you have a story worth telling let us know.

*The Canetoad Times, May 1977.*

*Writers: John Jiggins, David Richards, Gerald Lee, Murtec Pasieczny, Ian Roberts, Craig Munro, Bill Thorpe.*

*Artists: Ross Hinckley, Bill Thorpe, Matt Mawson, John Jiggins.*

*Thanks to Planet Press, Sue McLeod, Janis Knopke, Landon Watt.*

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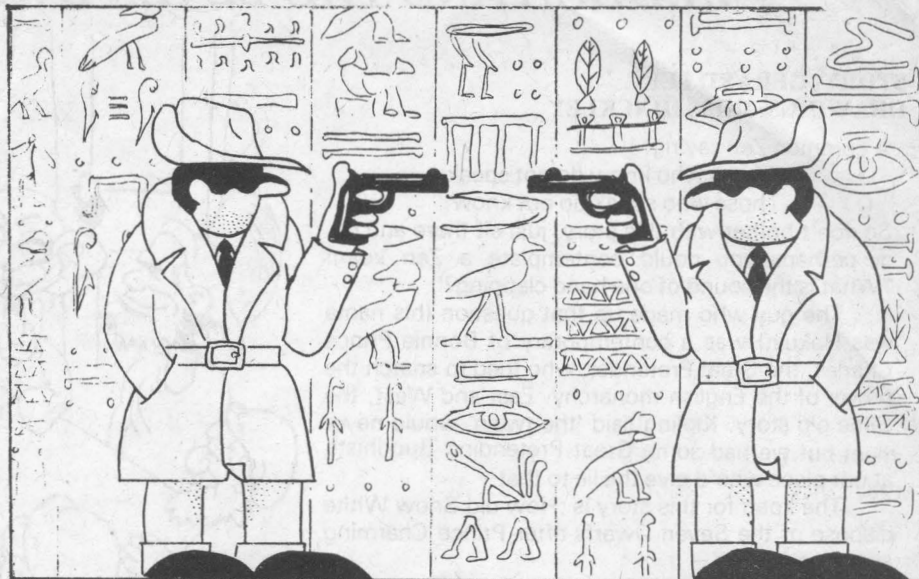
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STORY: MIRTEK PASCIEZNY  
DRAWING: MATT MAWSON

Fragments of a Papyrus Scroll from the tomb of Pharaoh Alcapootin 111 Centuries later similar scenes were enacted on the popular TV series "The Untouchables" Was this mere coincidence or was Earth visited by the



# Chariots Of The GODFATHERS ?

NOW THAT visits to Earth by extra-terrestrial beings have been conclusively proved by Von Daniken, there has been intense interest in finding out exactly who these strange beings were. Recent research by "Lobotomy" Luciana at the prison library at San Quentin seems, at last, to provide the final answer to this vital question.

Lobby believes that it is no accident that Von Daniken had a criminal record for fraud, and that Lobby himself was 'chosen' to make this latest startling revelation.

**For he believes that the spacemen were none other than intergalactic gangsters.**

Lobby got his first clue from a careful reading of the Bible. The passage where Jesus armed his disciples with swords was quite explicit:

(Luke, 22, 36 to 38) 'But now,' Jesus said, 'whoever has a purse or a bag must take it; and whoever does not have a sword must sell his coat and buy one. For I tell you this: the scripture that says, 'He was included with criminals,' must come true about me. Because that which was written about me is coming true.' The disciples said: 'Look, here are two swords, Lord.'

**More evidence comes from the Hare Krishna sect.**

The resemblance between their strange haircut and a bankrobber with a stocking over his face is startling, to say the least. Furthermore, part of the fourline chant which gives them their name goes:



'Hare Rama, Hare Rama,' obviously the distorted cry of 'Hurry, run,' that a bankrobber makes from deep within his subconscious mind on his way to the getaway car.

Although they seem to have merely parroted an appearance made many centuries ago by the Godfather himself, anyone who has been

confronted by them on the street and asked for a 'donation' will be forced to agree that they have also picked up some of his behavior.

Lobby believes that these spacemen have exerted a profound influence on the development of civilisation as we know it. For example, after being 'taken for a ride' on a 'cloud' to meet the Godfather, Jesus learnt many strange and mysterious things. Later he returned to Earth and founded a church whose mysterious powers proved more effective than guns and violence when the Europeans sold half of Africa into slavery and exterminated most of the American Indians. Lobby hopes to master these powers so that the average bank manager would be as resigned to the loss of his money as the natives were to the loss of their lives.

**In fact, just one year after his conversion to catholicism, Lobby is already vicar of San Quentin!**

But more convincing is the case of politicians. It is hard to imagine Earth people creating anything even approaching something as culturally advanced as the politician.

**For when it comes right down to it, the politician is offering the ultimate in protection rackets: he protects people from themselves.**

Lobby regards politicians much the same way as an awed young boy with a matchbox car regards the Apollo astronauts.

Perhaps Lobby's most controversial assertion is that the unseen hand of these aliens is still guiding our destiny....



# BUDDHA AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

**STORY: GERARD LEE**

**DRAWINGS: ROSS HINCKLEY**

A common Zen saying:

"Those who know do not speak;  
Those who speak do not know."

So don't bother with this story, just sit there and be, or perhaps you could contemplate a Zen koan: "What is the sound of one hand clapping?"

The guy who made up that question (his name was Hakuin) was a contemporary of Bonnie Prince Charles, the Great Pretender, who tried to snatch the power of the English monarchy. East and West, the same old story. Kipling said 'the twain' would never meet but we had some Great Pretending Buddhists at our place who'd give the lie to that.

The koan for this story is: How did Snow White dispose of the Seven Dwarfs after Prince Charming awakened her?

For our household, it was necessary to contemplate this ridiculous question in the hope that we'd learn something from the fable. For Snow White of course, it all ended "happily ever after" and for the sake of your own innocence, I ask you not to pursue the "hows" and "how comes" of that tale. We had to, because boys and girls, we were beset by the seven evil Zen Bludgers.

Terry invited them home. They were standing in the rain in King George Square just "being". He "be-ed" with them for a few hours then asked them home for a meal. He did "the decent thing", after all, it was just two days before Christmas.

I won't describe them all. It's not necessary to describe individuals whose only concern is fusion with the One. But for those who aren't into Zen, I'll give you the details on two of them. If you're Enlightened and know that all is the One anyway, just skip a few paragraphs. But before you go, answer this koan. Why read my unenlightened scriptures? You should be in the garden just "blissing out", or laughing at super-jokes no one else can see, or listening to rock and roll with detached admiration while drinking Coke with some kind of Coke-proof Zen stomach lining.

Anyway for the others:

There was Doc, please pronounce it Dark. Yeah that's right man, he was a beautiful golden boy from California, a dwarf version of Ed Sullivan and he made Jackie Gleason look thin (canned Zen laughter). "Man, have you ever looked at anyone's face for long enough to really see it? S'beautiful man. I mean....I mean, just your own face in the mirror. Wow, you can see a map of the land."

That was his trip, looking into his own face. That's cool with me. But when I wake up in the morning, when I walk into my own lounge room, first thing, I don't want to see a Californian Reclining Buddha staring into a mirror, surrounded by lotus-posturers. I don't want that to happen to me before I get my Corn Flakes down.



Dopey: An elongated dwarf. His eyes were huge and blue, his head shone, the rest of his body hung off that like a piece of rag. He had that starved health food look. He didn't talk much. None of them did, they just laughed and smiled insanely.

The important thing is, they didn't have Snow White or the Buddha with them

And I wondered how the hell she got rid of them.

## The Dignities:

In Buddhism there are four dignities, walking, standing, sitting, lying. To hold any of these postures is to perform a beautiful act, a ritual.

The Dwarfs concentrated on sitting. They did it very well. They did it all day for two days round our kitchen table. We couldn't get in there to eat. Terry sat with them. I noticed he started laughing in a similar way, jiggling up and down on his stomach, laughing low down like a Buddha, instead of his usual high-up-scrawny-neck laugh. He wouldn't cook anymore either.

"It's the Boodhist way, unless food is offered to us, we can't eat," said Dark. And neither could we. It was easier to starve than cook for seven philosophers who'd formed a phalanx round your kitchen table, eternally ready for the Tea Ceremony. No matter



where you were in the house you could hear them talking and laughing, you could hear their fat ear lobes rattling the way the Buddha's must have.

### **The Important Concept of Being:**

This isn't the usual concept of Being as used in most schools of Buddhist thought. This is the concept of Being Zapped. It goes like this. If you feel you should be somewhere, and the "feel" is right, you will be taken there magically. So if you want to travel cheaply, become a member of The Zapping Buddhists Travel Club. Dark told us he was once zapped to Scotland. That stuck in my mind.....Scotland! What a place to be zapped to. Why not Nepal, Calcutta, Tokyo even. Scotland was too clean and conservative. I tried to imagine what a Buddhist would do in Scotland. All I knew was that they played soccer there and maybe they had moors. We just didn't fit in. But then I had this vision.....

### **The Glass Grandstand Vision:**

I was in the shower; you know how thoughts and images pour in while you're showering. It suddenly struck me that Scotland must have a Glass Grandstand. (Glass is a typical vision substance of mine). And this grandstand was the only place in Scotland which could tolerate Dark. Why? Because if you looked up through this grandstand you came to the over-whelming conclusion that thousands of Scots were giving you the arse.

The fantasy carried me a bit further. I certainly enjoyed the thought of Dark having to sleep under such a load of negative vibes. These are the type of places one gets zapped to.

I went on, encouraged by the warm water, and imagined the crowd were listening to a man with a faint but penetrating voice. He didn't shout or enthuse, but he was heard. He was loved. In the words of the popular song celebrating him,

"He was an ex-rock'n'roll star,

He'd taken all the strings off his guitar."

To speak simply, he was charming. I felt he was some kind of hero who could be a personal saviour for everyone. My daydreams under a warm shower often give me glimpses of the heroes I need and desire. But just glimpses.

### **Zen and the Concept of No-Food:**

Having had that vision, I thought I'd slip in and eat before the phalanx blocked up the kitchen with good vibes. I knew they'd soon be sitting round the table like a macabre but dull surprise party. Food stocks were low, and maybe once they were finished, the Dwarfs would "feel" it was time to go. Hi ho hi ho. I met Leo in the kitchen, he had the same idea.

"Any Corn Flakes mate?"

"No, I've just finished them, sorry."

"As long as they're finished mate, as long as they're finished."

We exchanged knowing glances.

I ate six oranges that morning; Leo started spooning down sugar and jam. We got stuck into the healthy food too, the things they liked, raw cabbage,

carrots, everything - all eaten quietly. We drank the last of the milk, though I was worried they'd find the powered stuff in the cupboard - and they did.

### **Rule 431 B:**

We left the kitchen with blissful grins on our faces, passed the Buddhists in the lounge (Dark staring at his image in a mirror) and retired to my room to plot. The sausages and chops waited in the fridge, protected because Buddhists are vegetarian. We planned a nice meal for later on. We were wrong; one should always live in the present.

Buddhists are vegetarian but then Rule 431 B overrules the vegetarian diet. Rule 431 B states that the Buddhist must eat all that is offered to him. So there you are. Those bastards ate our sausages and laughed while we sat in the bedroom trying to digest Corn Flakes and jam and raw cabbage.

### **Zen and the Art of "Feel":**

This is important, especially to "hung up city freaks" like us, because the "feel" replaces the "think". For instance, they felt it was O.O.K. to ritually sit round our kitchen table for a couple more days, while we felt crapped off with them. But it was different you know, our feel was negative. They were relieving us of negative "feels", bringing them out of us. Their positive was attracting our negative. We should have been grateful, they were sucking up our bad "feels" like a spiritual vacuum cleaner.

"Hey man has there ever been a Black Witch living in this house?"

"No, nothing like that here, we don't like that sort of thing."

"What I mean is, you ever practice black magic round here?"

"No, not us."

"The vibes here man, are so heavy, frightening....it's like the whole street is turning in on itself, under some incredible power. I can feel it."

"No, not our street."

"Tell ya bout this dream I had last night. I was looking in my mirror you know, and suddenly I saw it, a toad, really staring hard back at me. Was big too, big as me. then it got all black and white spew come out of it's mouth, and it changed into a witch, a Black Witch, all painted up, trying to look nice. Freaky."

"No, never seen her round here."

### **Zen and the Art of Telling People to Piss-off: The plots: a) Offer them poisoned apples.**

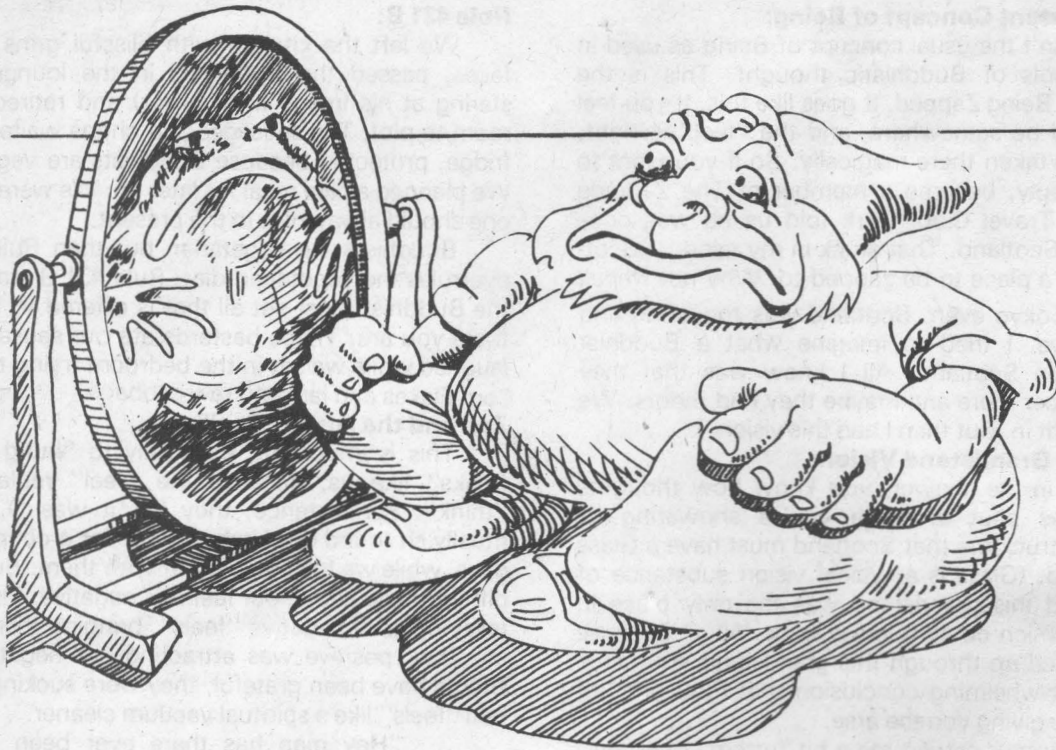
**b) Ask them to go.**

**c) Invite the band round for a twenty-four hour jam. But dwarfs only know one song, and the toad-heads would probably want to sing it. One of them had a one string guitar. "I,m headin to Unity man, always one."**

**d) I'd lead them off, "feeling" the way, following a vision of a Glass Grandstand in Scotland, lose them somehow and return surreptitiously to enter the house by a secret hatch.**

**Plotting made us hungry. I've noticed that**





about food, like apples, raw carrots and cabbages, orange juice etc. before long you're as hungry as hell for things like toasted Spicy Fruit Loaf, sausages, chips and chocolate. Leo and I went up the shop and bought two pieces of fish in breadcrumbs, a sav in batter, five olives, a pickled onion, twenty cents worth of chips, six sea scallops, a block of chocolate, two caramel malteds to take away and seven big rosy red apples.

#### HAIKU FOR CHRISTMAS:

At school we performed a Christian play. Two men who'd stolen money wanted to go somewhere to count it.

First thief: "Lets go up this dark alleyway and count it out."

Second thief: "God can see us there."

And so it went...."into that bush"... "no, God can see us there,"...."down this old coal mine,"...."no, God can see us there."

I forget how it ended. The money probably rotted in their hands, just like our fish and chips. We couldn't go home. We went down a side street to a river bank. I knew the Buddha could see us there eating chocolate, fish and chips and malteds, but I was feeling the pangs of self-pity as it started to rain on us. We moved in under a tree like a couple of old drunks who'd been wandering Buddhists in their youth. What a way to spend the day before Christmas.

"Those bastards have probably got thousands stacked away somewhere in case this doesn't come off."

"Yeah, rich parents saving up their dole cheques for them."

"Christmass Eve  
Rain falls softly on  
Chocolate wrapper —  
Wet fish and chips."

"What's that?"

"Haiku, it's Zen poetry man, captures a sad fleeting mood. But you can only use seventeen syllables."

Leo counted them on his fingers.

"Yeah, gee, I might do one.....um....."

Christmas Eve  
Snow White loses  
Virginity  
To Seven Dwarfs."

"Not sad enough."

On the way home, we passed the shop and saw one of the Dwarfs buying chocolate frogs. We would have leapt on him if we weren't so embarrassed.

"What about this one?"

Chocolate frog  
Sits serene, unwrapped  
Pushing Buddhist down  
Its gullet."

We took the apples home but we didnt have



time to inject them with ratsack. "Wow man, beautiful apples."

### Zen and the Art of Photograph-taking:

Leo and I snuck back to my room. We reviewed the schemes. In the kitchen we heard the bliss freaks talking heavy with Terry. Maybe he'd go with them.

"I hope he doesn't. His mother'll blame me if he does."

"Don't worry mate, he likes eating too much."

"Yeah, but he likes Buddhism, he invited

"Wow man, that's beautiful yer know, that's Zen, man. I mean you've let go man, you're free. You know you can't catch the Now in that little black box. You've got it all inside your head man, you're free," I said.

Then he sprung it on us.

"I told the Buddhists to go."

Leo and I nearly brought our chips up.

"Wad they say?"

"They said they didn't mind ..... but they changed a bit."

"How did they change?"

"They just didn't talk to me so much."

"It seems pretty bad to chuck em out, it's raining, Christmas eve too."

"Yeah, but that's their way of life. Christmas means nothing to them. And they're boring me mate. They're like those Jehovah's Witnesses who came, they never let up."

"True. Where are they going?"

"Back to King George Square. They can sleep there tonight .... in under the Reserve Bank."

Terry is the only person I know who can get out of doing the dishes just by saying, "I don't feel like it, mate." He says it with such conviction that you have to walk away shrugging your shoulders and do it yourself. They left him a note.

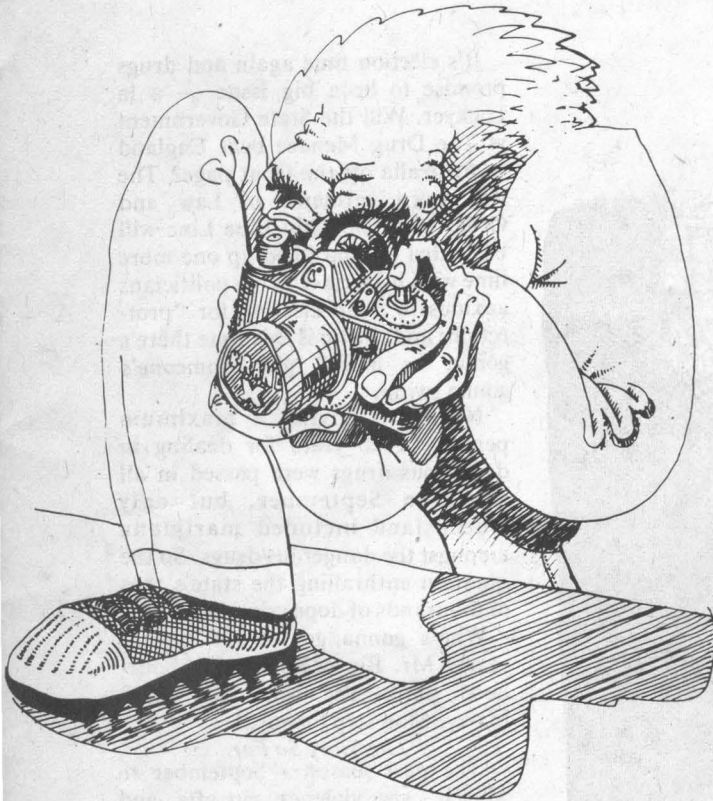
Terry,

thanks very much for being honest with us and telling us to go. You are free now of negative feels. The others still have them inside. We stayed to absorb the power of the black witch I dreamed about. Our life is only meant to help others,

Bliss.

they all signed it. They were gone, out into the rain.

Leo and I felt a bit uneasy.



them back here. I have to admire him sometimes. He leads a simple life."

"Yeah, he is a bit bloody simple."

Soon Terry came into the room and started photographing us. We sat there slumped against the wall just looking at him, wondering whether he'd follow the Buddhists or not. He swayed this way and that, squashed himself into corners to get the right shots. He seemed fairly pleased with himself. He still had the lense cap on.

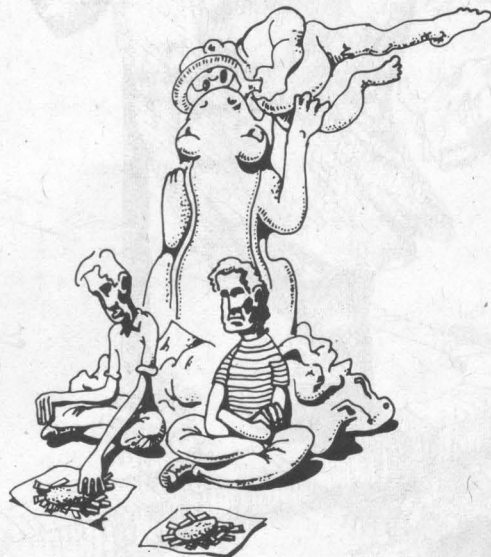
"Just got me camera back. They didn't fix it properly."

"Is it loaded?"

"Yeah but it doesn't work."

"Well stop taking photos, they're pricey to develop."

"Won't develop 'em. I'll just throw the film away."





In days of yore the toughest beat of all was the waterfront, a sordid landscape of shady characters and their deals. "I COVER THE WATERFRONT" meant what it said. The scenery changes but the characters remain the same. Each month their rumors, their legends, their hopes and their fears come to life in . . .

# "i·CoVeR The DOPe Front"

It's election time again and drugs promise to be a big issue — a la Lockyer. Will the State Government vs The Drug Menace beat England vs Australia off the front page? The well worn garments of Law and Order and The Thin Blue Line will be dusted off and filled up one more time with hysteria-seeking politicians anxious to swap election for "protection; and the tip is this time there's gonna be a full guy; someone's gonna swing.

New laws giving a maximum penalty of 25 years for dealing in dangerous drugs were passed in all states in September, but only Queensland included marijuana amongst the dangerous drugs. So the question enthralling the state's tens of thousands of dope criminals is this - Who's gonna go for the big 25 years? Mr. Big or some neighbourhood punk, the Milk Bar Kid? Martyr Man step forward!

## *The Story So Far.*

The past season - September to March - saw violence, rip offs, and the thin blue line fanning out. Dope was in slack supply and at increasing prices.

September - the beginning of Spring, a time of fresh plantings and pipe dreams. How many recent victims of the rural Depression, resting after a hard day's toil in some secret patch, saw in their mind's eye a forest of money trees, their dollar notes waving in the gentle breeze. Sadly for many it was not to be. In Griffith in New South Wales, four Italian farmers were busted with 12.5 hectares of marijuana, worth !80 million at street prices. Marijuana is big business down there; The total produce of legal crops in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area is worth \$ 60 million.

So how 'bout it Joh? The state could do with another \$200 million industry, especially for the flagging rural industry sector. If you're





worrying about the dangers, it's supposed to be less harmful than cigarettes and alcohol, and it's nowhere near as dangerous as plutonium. Still, it's just a suggestion.

The Queensland government's attitude to decriminalization moves in other states was summed up in "Queensland is not going to become the plantation for the southern states — our police are to become ever vigilante." Busts, nards, Cedar Bay and Robert Stack appeared on the scene.

#### *Mary Jane Raped By Robert Stack*

December. Nobody was singing all I want for Xmas except to Robert Stack the Untouchable. A youth arrested after police busted in the back door of his flat as he was about to shoot up for the first time, pleaded "I'm sick of drinking - there was no dope - and I wanted to get stoned." It made only back page news. Does lack of dope lead to smack?

#### *Rip Offs*

As the drought closed in, talk of this guy who's got all this fantastic dope at this fantastic price circulated. Collections were gathered by slick characters who were friends of this Mr. Cool, who always seemed to want money in advance. "I'll be back in a few hours" were their famous last words. Where buyers were wary, lucerne salted with heads, blocks of cheese pretending to be hash, and heavies varied the spiel. The Police reply to rip offs and beatings was an obscure section of the Health Act - "Conspiracy to deal". Keep your mouth shut, never go to hospital, became New Year's resolutions.

#### *March*

By March, the drought had broken, but all is not calm however. The Government waits with its drug laws, the papers have their school-yard dealers, Martyr Man is still on the loose, "Remember Cedar Bay" is chalked up on the toilet walls at Herschell Street, the limehouse lord and his bodyguard wait with the Robert Stack. Somewhere an inconspicuous Cane Toad, deep in thought, turns up the collar of his trench coat. "Whatever happened to Mary Jane?" he wonders.

#### *stop press*

Over Easter a produce store was broken into, and a quantity of horse tranquillizer was liberated. They should legislate for safes in Produce stores. Lock up the lucerne too. See unscrupulous individuals take cheap dope, black hash look alike, lucerne,

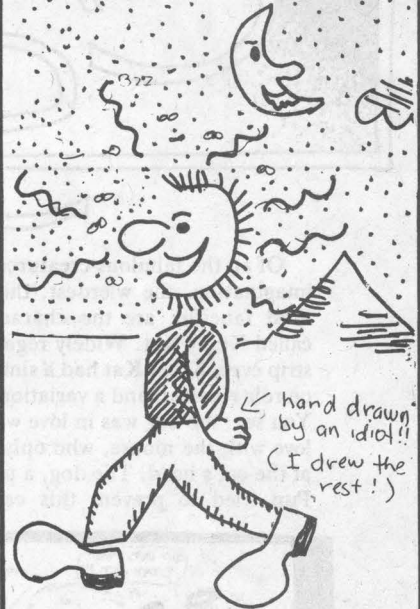
and give the mixture new potency with horse tranquillizer. So if you've had a smoke and you don't feel skittish and randy, Consumer Affairs isn't going to help.

#### *April*

With the sensitivity he is fast becoming famous for, the charismatic Tom Newberry announces the news: no, folks, the results of the Scotland Yard enquiry into the police force will be not be made public, but we're thinking of doubling the numbers in the D.S. Who can beat that sort of logic: more "criminals", more cops. The criminals read the news, and a giant shiver shakes the subterreans; it's gonna be a cold, cold winter. The more well-feathered geese pack their bags to fly south, but for the rest, it's a weary close the windows, pull the blinds down and roll another joint — life ain't so great in the Sunshine State.



Flies will go ape when they see you in your CANETOAD TIMES t-shirt



a limited number of these gems of bad taste are available in the colour of your choice, featuring our front-cover queen. Just send us \$5, your colour preference, name and address (our's is P.O. Box 215, Broadway) and we'll handle the rest.

v i.e. Broadway, Q.L.D.

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# CARTOON SECTION

Of all the fabulous creatures of the mind's eye, the imagination, the wierdest, the most wonderful, the most fanciful, are the characters of a comic strip called Krazy Kat. Widely regarded as the best comic strip ever, Krazy Kat had a simple plot that was based on role reversal, and a variation of the lovers' triangle. You see, the dog was in love with the cat, who was in love with the mouse, who only loved throwing bricks at the cat's head. The dog, a policeman called officer Pupp tried to prevent this carnage, while the cat,

Krazy, took this constant battering with bricks as a sign that the mouse, her "lil angil", was being faithful.

The mouse, Ignatz Maus, was an American type, the glib con man, a fore-runner of Groucho Marx and Sgt Bilko, a rascal, a lovable villain forever in trouble with the law. Whereas Groucho lusted after women and money, and Bilko desired loot at all cost, Ignatz merely wished with "all the wishery of his wistful wishbone" to crease that Krazy Kat's bean with a brick.







Krazy Kat ran from 1912 to 1944. During that period, the Bolshevik Revolution occurred in Russia, fascist regimes came to power in most of the European Countries, and two World Wars were fought, and the only violent thing that occurred in Krazy Kat was Ignatz Maus throwing a brick at Krazy Kat. the cartoon strip reflected American isolationism.

The cartoonists of the underground cartoonist movement, on the other hand were greatly concerned with social issues. Flowering in the San Francisco of the mid 60's, a pschadelic scene of Haight Ashbury

hippies, wearing flowers in their hair, long haired Lopsang Rampa look-alikes, and Charlie Manson type gurus, the cartoonists were greatly concerned with the wasteland culture of Modern America, with sexual freedom, drugs and violence, and they sought ways of extending the cartoon format to deal with these issues.

The most influencial of this new wave of cartoonists was Robert Crumb. His comics lay bare the soul of America, its racism, its sexism, its despair.

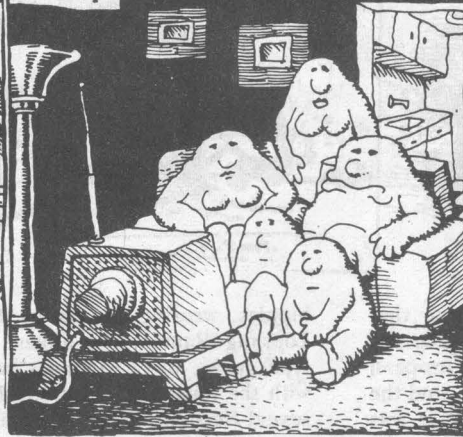




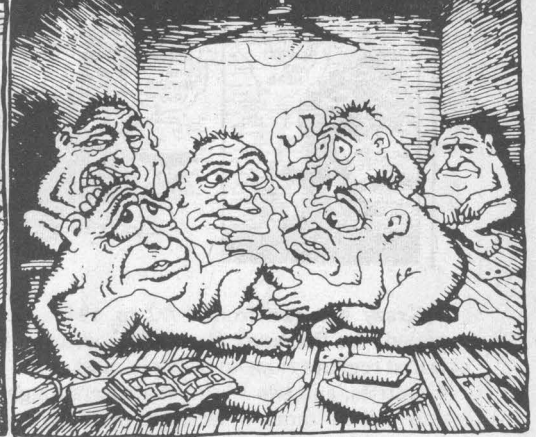
LITTLE BROTHER'S NOT AS CUTE  
AS WAS HOPED, BUT NEVERMIND...



IS THE LUMPEN PROLETARIAT A LOST  
CAUSE?



ONLY TIME WILL TELL...



PERHAPS...  
PERHAPS...  
THESE ARE THE  
LAST DAYS!

GGULP!



WHO CARES? WHY  
GO ON LIVING?



"THAT'S RIGHT... WHY BOTHER?"  
SAYS RUTH SCHWARTZ TO HERSELF.



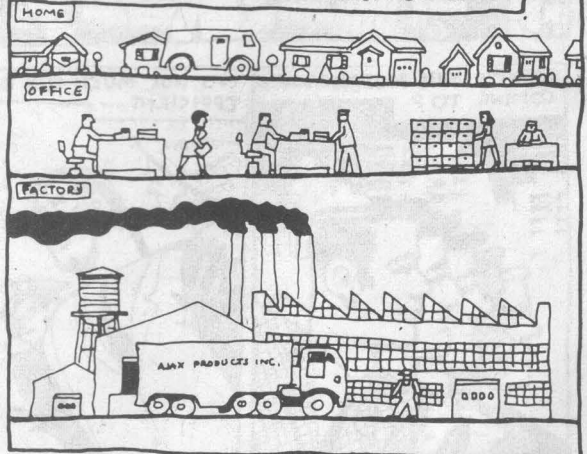
HERE COMES THE BUS...



THERE'S NO ESCAPE...



THE WORKADAY WORLD MUST GO ON....





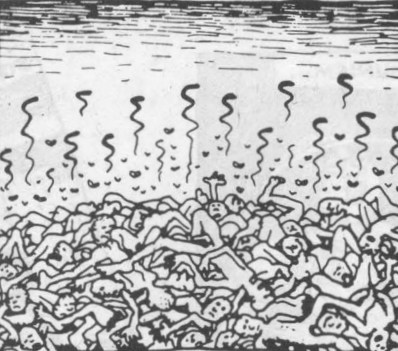




THEY SEEK SECURITY IN MOVEMENTS AND IN THE THRILL OF VIOLATING EACH OTHER...



WHOLE GENERATIONS DIE FOR WHAT THEY CONSIDER TO BE RIGHTEOUS CAUSES...



THEY THINK THAT SOMEHOW THIS WILL RELIEVE THEM FROM THE DRUDGERY AND BOREDOM OF EVERYDAY REALITY. THEY THINK WAR WILL SAVE THEM FROM DESPAIR! HA!!

AND STILL THE POPULATION DOUBLES AND TRIPLES UNTIL THERE IS NO LONGER SUCH A THING AS FRESH AIR...



...AND THE MORE CROWDED IT GETS, THE MORE CUT OFF THEY ARE FROM ONE ANOTHER...



REAL EXPERIENCE IS REPLACED BY FANTASY. THE INDIVIDUAL IS RENDERED HELPLESS BY IMPOSSIBLE LONGINGS...



THE MAN IN HIS YOUTH IS PATHETICALLY HOPEFUL AND OPTIMISTIC...



...AS HE GROWS MORE "MATURE" HE BEGINS TO "FACE UP TO THE HARSH REALITIES" OF LIFE...



...AND ENDS UP OLD AND EMBITTERED, REGRETFUL OF SHATTERED DREAMS, FEELING CHEATED BY FATE, HIS DAYS FILLED WITH ACHES AND PAINS SO THAT HE LOOKS FORWARD TO DEATH!!



MEN HAVE BEEN ASKING WHY AND PAYING FOR DELIVERANCE FOR 10,000 YEARS AND IN 1000 DIFFERENT WAYS...



HE SEEMS TO BE SMART ENOUGH TO INVENT WAYS OF DESTROYING THE PLANET BUT CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET ALONG WITH HIS WIFE!



THE BEST ANSWER ANYBODY HAS COME UP WITH YET FOR ALL OUR PROBLEMS IS JUST TO SIT AND DO NOTHING...



END



## THE SILVER JUBILEE ANTI SOUVENIR

One of the all-time great media personalities Elizabeth Windsor, or as she with her deep love of simplicity and informality, prefers to be called, "the Queen", visited Australian shores this March. *And even before she got here, she was wowing the local press.* Following on her great hits of last year, *Princess Anne goes to the Olympics* and the earlier mammoth spectacular, *Princess Anne marries Mark Whats-his-name*, the Queen was sending the keys of the women's news reporters' typewriters pounding mercilessly with stories like, *Prince Andrew goes to school*, and *The Ghosts that haunt Buckingham Palace*. And the trip to Australia was destined to be an even greater success! Yet what is the secret behind the astonishing media success of this former shy, buck toothed teen-ager from London, England??

Norman Gunston, who is probably the person best-suited to understand the Queen's media techniques, has described her formula as "having a few big names, a large budget and a plot so simple that even a half-awake moron can follow it." And in an age when other great stars are being swamped by the rising tide of permissiveness, cheap sex and thinly disguised pornography, the Queen has managed to keep her public performances smut-free and devoid of double-meaning humour.

The Queen is the sole survivor of that glorious age when stars were born and not made. Neither the Cherry-Brandy affair (when an under-age Prince Charles proved he was a nipper in more ways than one) nor Princess Margaret's alarming flirtation with the hippie fringe could shake her "Mrs. Clean" image — that extraordinarily ordinary superordinate, who with sheer courage and faith in her own basic banality has established a vice-like grip on her subjects without ever having to make a single intelligent statement.

Yet one question must plague all us bargain conscious, budget minded followers of the Queen. In these times of runaway inflation, unemployment and massive government cuts in expenditure, is it right to spend so much money on the royal tour? Is there some way we can satisfy the Australian people's deep urge to worship and adore

royalty and still save millions of dollars?? ***The Canetoad believes there is!!***

If those clever movie special effects people can make 'JAWS', 'Crocodile' and 'King Kong', why can't they make a Bionic Monarch? Now, most of us have some idea how much the *Six Million Dollar Man* cost, but much of that money went into his bionic arm and his bionic eye, properties that would be useless in a bionic queen; all you would want your mechanical monarch to do is smile and wave in motorcades, and look glum and serious when delivering the Christmas message or laying a foundation

stone. The shark in 'Jaws' had a greater range of emotional responses!

If the above proposition proves too expensive, imagine this; it would be possible to substitute a Madame Tussaud wax effigy for the Queen in the Rolls Royce motorcade travelling with Sir John Kerr. Provided the wax dummy was smiling all the time, and if the Governor-general could be taught the elementaries of puppeteering (e.g. glove waving) no one would detect the deception. ***And it would save the nation millions!!***

And hasn't Sir John Kerr always been prepared to pull strings and manipulate puppets to save the nation?





# ANTI SILVER JUBILEE

MY SUBJECTS  
AREN'T SMILING AS  
MUCH AS THEY  
USED TO!

ROYAL  
DOLE  
BLUDGERS

KERR  
OUT

ROYAL  
RIP-  
OFFS

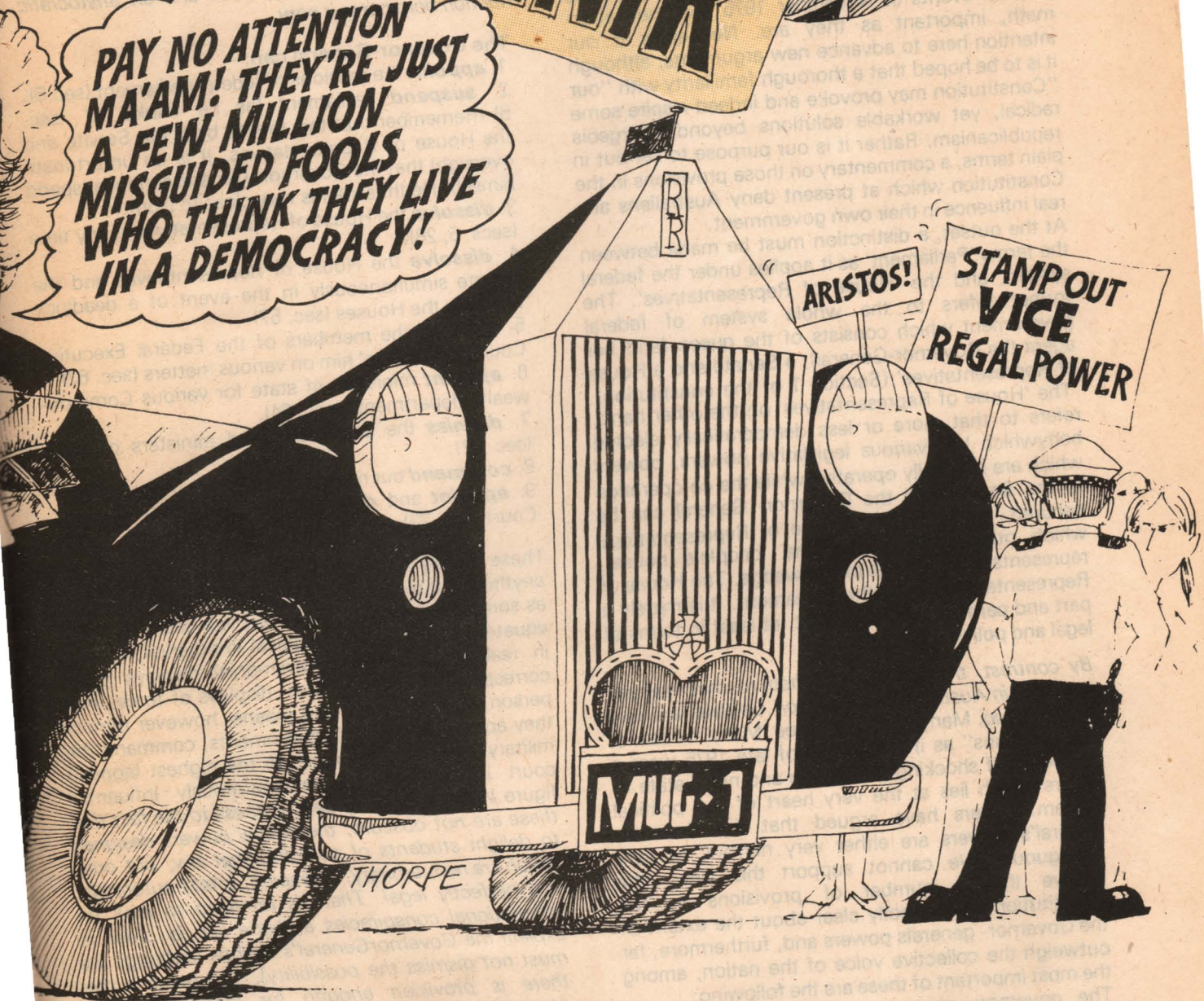
OFF WITH  
THEIR  
HEADS

WE ARE NOT  
AMUSED!



# BILEE SOUVENIR

**PAY NO ATTENTION  
MA'AM! THEY'RE JUST  
A FEW MILLION  
MISGUIDED FOOLS  
WHO THINK THEY LIVE  
IN A DEMOCRACY!**





# CONSTITUTIONAL CORNER *by* ANTI ARISTO

This being Silver Jubilee Year, it seems appropriate to issue some timely reminders of the extent of vice-regal powers over Australian government. It is not our intention here to invoke old familiar arguments about the justice, or otherwise, of the political events of November 1975 and their aftermath, important as they are. Neither is it our intention here to advance new arguments; although it is to be hoped that a thorough familiarity with "our Constitution may provoke and indeed inspire some radical, yet workable solutions beyond bourgeois republicanism. Rather it is our purpose to set out in plain terms, a commentary on those provisions in the Constitution which at present deny Australians any real influence in their own government.

At the outset, a distinction must be made between the terms 'Parliament' as it applies under the federal system, and the 'House of Representatives'. The former refers to the whole system of federal government which consists of the queen (and her agent the Governor-General), a Senate and a House of Representatives'. (Section 1 of the constitution).

The 'House of Representatives' on the other hand, refers to that more or less democratically elected body which has various legislative powers, powers which are only fully operative while the co-operation of the Senate and the Governor-General can be secured. In reality, the House of Representatives, which others have called the 'people's house', represents the thin edge of the wedge. The House of Representatives is **not** the Parliament. It is merely a part and perhaps the lesser part, at least in terms of legal and political power.

*By contrast, the powers attached to that resident monarch in Australia, the Governor-General, are very great indeed.* Many would disagree. Many still talk of "conventions" as if the events of late 1975 were a temporary if shocking aberration and not a state of affairs which lies at the very heart of our political system. Others have argued that the Governor-General's powers are either very narrow, or very ambiguous. We cannot support this view. We believe that a number of provisions in the Constitution are perfectly clear about the extent of the Governor-General's powers and, furthermore, far outweigh the collective voice of the nation, among the most important of these are the following:

The governor-general occupies such a central position in 'our' Constitution, and thus 'our' federal government because the framers of the Constitution decided, right from the start, that the new Commonwealth would be a "state under a monarchy". *It cannot be stressed often enough that the men who drew up the Constitution did not envisage independent government for Australia in 1901* On the contrary, they put aside completely and indefinitely the important question of whether

Australia would, or should disassociate itself from its aristocratic English connections. Nothing has altered since then the events of November 1975 have simply confirmed this. *An aristocratic faction dominated Australian government in 1901 and an aristocratic faction dominates it now.*

## The Governor-General can:—

1. **appoint** the sessions of federal parliament (sec. 5).
2. **suspend** parliament 'as he thinks fit' (sec. 5). (Remember that this means both the Senate and the House of Representatives. It is an unfortunate oversight that the Governor-General cannot suspend himself. He thus stands very close to God).
3. **dissolve** the House of Representatives at any time (secs. 5, 28).
4. **dissolve** the House of Representatives and the Senate simultaneously in the event of a deadlock between the Houses (sec. 57).
5. **appoint** the members of the Federal Executive Council to 'advise' him on various matters (sec. 62).
6. **appoint** ministers of state for various Commonwealth departments (sec. 64).
7. **dismiss** the aforementioned ministers of state (sec. 67).
8. **command** our naval and military forces (sec. 68).
9. **appoint** and **dismiss** the Justices of the High Court (sec. 72).

These clearly show that the Governor-General is anything but a ceremonial figure without real power, as some have argued. This view is a delusion, for it equates ceremony with political impotence; whereas in reality the greatest ceremonial displays often correspond with the greatest displays of force. Any person who possesses the means, however remote they appear, to dismiss governments, command the military, and appoint judges to the highest (appeal) court in the land is an enormously influential figure. *We have already been witness to the fact that these are not obscure, theoretical powers designed to delight students of constitutional law, but ones which are real, arbitrary, sweeping, totally autocratic, and perfectly legal. There is no need to look for international conspiracies and the like in order to explain the Governor-General's actions [although we must not dismiss the possibility]. The point is that there is provision enough for dictatorship and conspiracy within the Constitution itself, without looking further.*

Those who have suggested that the Governor-General is 'above politics' are right, but for the wrong reasons. He is above politics all right, so far above that he is almost entirely out of the reach of representative government. Like the absolute monarchs of preindustrial Europe, the Governor-General is answerable to no one except perhaps those ministers whom he helped to choose himself.



## WHY AUSTRALIANS LOVE THE ENGLISH MONARCHY

1788—The English Monarchy and the english elite establish Australia as a dumping grounds for the sweepings of their jails. The colony is filled with the rejects of the english social system, the poor, those who have poached on the king's land to feed their starving families, Irish political prisoners, early trade unionists, etc. The first white Australians are prisoners of the English Monarch; the destruction of the life-style of the original Australians, the Aborigines, begins.

The 1840's—The Irish, whose cattle and corn is being taken by the English Absentee Landlord, and who have been, consequently, subsisting on potatoes, starve in their millions when blight destroys the potatoe crop. Many migrate to Australia.

1914—Prime Minister Fisher pledges Australia "to the last man, and the last shilling" in support of England.

1915—Gallipoli. Through the sort of inept military bungle that only the best inbred minds could devise, the Australian and New Zealand Army corps are sent by their English commanders to storm the

heavily fortified cliffs of Gallipoli, by mistake. They are slaughtered in their thousands.

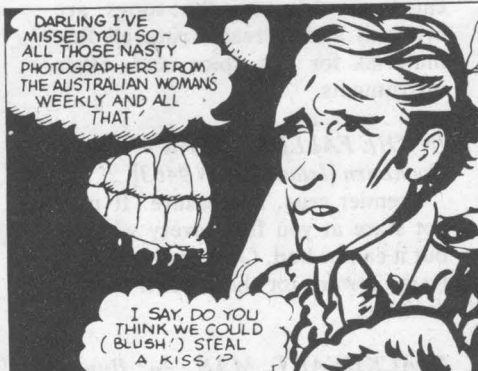
1930—The Depression and the Premier's Plan; English Capital shows it's willingness to defend Australia "to the last shilling". The war effort increased Australia's indebtedness to the English banks. As the Depression worsened, politicians like Laing in NSW suggest suspending repayments on Australia's overseas debts, so that more funds would be available for the Government to create jobs through Government spending. However the English banks force through the Premier's Plan, an economic package concerned with the repayment of foreign debts, and huge cuts in Government spending. Australia is to be one of the countries most severely hit by the Depression, with unemployment running near 30 per cent.

1939—Another war to defend England increases Australia's indebtedness.

1975—Sir John Kerr, an agent of the English Monarchy, sacks the elected Government of Australia.

**WHY DO WE LOVE THE ENGLISH MONARCHY? WELL IT BEATS US!!!**

## royalty's best kept secret





# BING DE MUCCI'S



**PETER GABRIEL** — Peter Gabriel  
[ATCO SD36147]

Given an entire issue I'd be able to tell you about this MEISTERWERK, a magisterial record, the true fruits of the blessed arcana (wot us'd to be known as progressive rock if y'r remember). With this record and Bowies 'Low', we have entered a new era that will eventually catch up with its mass production.

The attack is incredible, the forces deployed just as much so ranging as they do, the exemplary purisms of Robert Fripp to the brute guitar team of Hunter and Wagner to the London Symphony Orchestra to the strains of barber-shop quartet and piano accordians, from custom blues to the flutes of Pan on clear mountainsides.

Gabriel's record is an instant artifact and even if you buy one record a month, this is the one I nominate. A price above rubies.

**EDDY AND THE HOTRODS**—

**TEENAGE DEPRESSION**—

*Eddy and the Hotrods* [Island ILPSS9457]

I don't wanna discuss it. This is actual rock, no replay, and the kids are alright. First one to nod out is dead, must be.

**KISS TOMORROW GOODBYE**—

*Dirty Angels* [Private Stock PS9463]

Vibrantly crafted on reliable and often inspired models of mondo american particularly circa spector the songs of Dirty Angels are instantly, likeably familiar. A chorus from the great ghost radio. Recommended. El Bruce agrees.

**WE GOT BY** — Al Jarreau [Warner Bros. MS2224]

Al Jarreau is a musical instrument. If you could play him I tell you you'd be a star. His singing can range from incredible snare nasality to mellow sinuosity to the tremulous utter, add his mouth-music — trumpet, jews-harp, percussion — who else could sing a handful of maracas anyway. I bring up this earlier ('75) recording rather than the currently booming 'Glow' because on this one the songs are originals and Jarreau writes all fine material for his voice and other instruments.

**IN THE FALLING DARK** — Bruce Cockburn [Island ILTN 9463]

Premier crus. A treasure. It may not stare at you from every window but it can be had. Got the idea. Let it be my reward for the ardent. I'll say no more.

**BLACKHEART MAN** — Bunny Wailer [Island L36119]

With reggae only the best is good enough. Bunny Livingston a.k.a. Wailer offers no less. It's a family affair far as players go. But wait I'll confess for you — either/consciousness-raising for ex-charismatic rasta can hit dully on the exposed nerve of the decline of the west i.e. it bores me numb/ or — reggae equals PRIMITIES! REVOLT! DRUGS! CHEAP THRILL! but hey deep down inside, somewhere in the 4 corners report of your conscience you know that there is an authentic voice in reggae — not an 'authentic folk voice' not some ethnic chintz — but the voice of people aware of their lives. Bunny Wailer speaks in that

voice and in that music. Jamaica say you will.

**THE MAN WITH THE SAD FACE** — Stanley Turrentine [Fantasy L36101]

The fact is Stanley Turrentine is MOR jazz meaning 1) acceptable music well-played with swing 2) that it has a narrow impact register and 3) I play it on Saturday morning. Recommended but principally incidental.

**THE IDIOT** — Iggy Pop [C.R.C.A. APL1-2275]

The raising of Z/Iggy Pop, cousin confrere and now consort, adds up to another re-make re-model seminal rescue by Bowie who, as you may recall returned Lou Reed to sender with his production of "Lou Reed". So now out of a berlin gloom to the slowburn recessed guitars and big beat of station to station Iggy's vocals flash Morrison composites, (as on 'Baby' and 'Mass Production' and roll on in tones that drag minimalist, wearily acute lyrics under — "You know her tricks/ and you know her past/ when she makes a face/ you just have to laugh/ and you feel like such a know-it-all". The wasteland is always now. Highly recommended — not to be taken with food.

**DOUBLE TIME** [Warner Bros. BS 2971] — Leon Redbone

Brakeman under the duffy or Ferdinand De Lesseps imitating Groucho Marx, Leon Redbone is the article, bona-fide. From out of the shadows of the Hot Club to the last malt slip of "melancholy Baby" you're keeping company with nothing less. The spells are right. Joe Venuti, Yusef Lateef, and Don MacLean are among those along for the ride. "Ain't Misbehaving" here is as much a joy as Fats Waller's original — I say this not lightly. How could I? Essential. (corn cob hon, the cigar's medicinal)

**MARQUEE MOON** — Television [Elektra 73-1098]

A look at the band should scare you off something. But de album. Is it a test pattern? After ½ an hour you may think so. Verlaine's lyrics catch odd lights in their delivery and the stark guitar mix interests more than a little. Attitudinal.



LOW - David Bowie (RCA CPLI - 2030).

He's been a star, a phenomenon, but left his diamond pups to bay out of Johnny Rotten's mouth ..... even the down come around somewhere in the story ..... but, beam, the man does not feel compelled to be such for, quoth the raven, 'evermore'. Bowie has been changing from an artist of effect to an artist in materials. *Station To Station* signalled this, and *Low* confirms it triumphantly. His immanence Brian Eno is the great chancellor here, the treatments in fact the basis of *Low* being his classic "another green land." Even the odd, cut lyrics of side one are shaped a la Eno, their eerie arbitrariness breath-catching or banal, heads or tails —

"lately i've been breaking glass in your room again — listen/ don't look at the carpet/ i've drawn something awful on it — see/ you're such a wonderful person."

Sound and vision — nausea and displacement. From that room overlooking the ocean on *Station To Station*, from that eyrie in the void to the shuttered sessile and total rooms of *Low*, "you never leave your room," ultimately "I've lived all over the world — I've left everyplace", the scene has switched. So at the centre of short, rythmically emphatic pieces there is an impression of isolation

and loneliness — the deep spatial isolation like the Low (profile) cover and its only partial suffusion through the music. It's quite, gasp, existential.

The entire second side sounds like the fabulous lost soundtrack to *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, with Bowie as occasional vocal instrumentalist and the sound like images of sound. Open to the imagination, to attention and inattention, I tell you *Low* is of the stuff that frees rock from its often ridiculous self-image as a caste totem, frees it from the idiots who scream about its purity as if it were some sacred virgin, and frees it from its inane, almost bureaucratic desire for rigid self-perpetuation. Besides, "what in the world can you do?" Work in music. Let's all blow a kiss for David.

**FOCAL POINT — McCoy Turner**  
[Milestone M - 9072].

Will McCoy Tyner find Allah by rumbling his piano to atoms? Probably. Re his spirituality and the hand emanations — in Islam the blind camel is the figure of necessity, destiny and though it may sometimes sound as if a blind camel is playing on this one it is anyway. Everything is consumed by his style — like a steam ship race, strip everything that will burn and feed it to the furnace. Each piece is a machine of playing — a naive parody of itself beneath the apparent majesty. The typical rolling

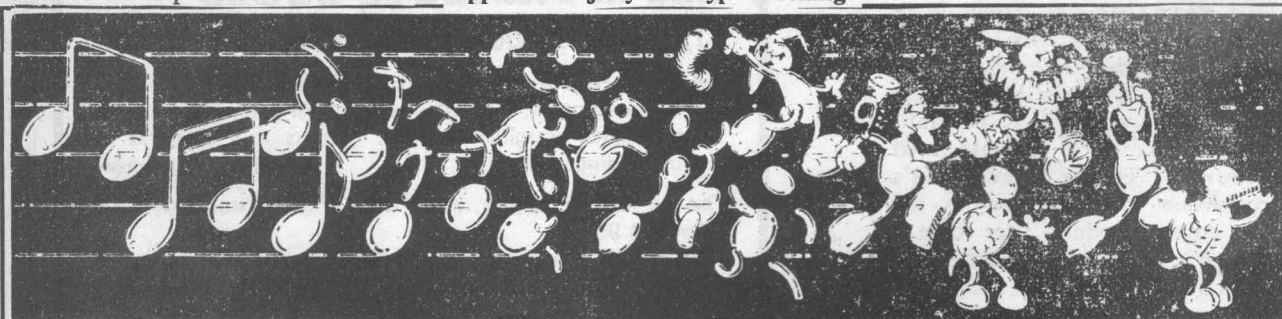
muscular insistence, the almost anti-expressive horns, even the obligatory odd instrument in captivity [here a dulcimer, on trident the celeste] are strictly brand x. Mes trois fiis .. indo-serenade .. I am you as you are me and we are .. inchoate. Even the geniuses and djinns tread water or keys now and then.

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Nick Lowe. SOLO ALBUM  
Neil Young. US STARS  
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10cc. DECEPTIVE BENDS  
Brand X. MOROCCAN ROLL

Poco. INDIAN SUMMER  
Duncan MacKay. SCORE (COCKNEY REBEL)  
Bob Marley. EXODUS  
Stranger. RATTUS NORVEGIUS  
Robby Krieger. SOLO ALBUM

PLUS SUPPLIES OF NEW WAVE SINGLES AND EP'S





*A personal, timely — and Timeless — guide to chaos in the bookshops by our guest reviewer Craig Munro, fiction editor of Queensland University Press.*

**THE LEOPARD**, by Giuseppe di Lampadusa (Italian). Novel, 1958 (first Italian publication), Fontana. The storyline of this novel concerns a feudal Sicilian prince in the 1860's facing political upheaval and revolution — which does not sound too promising. The subject matter — the setting and action — forms only the background however. It is the depth of human insight which makes this one of the finest modern novels. The portrait of Don Fabrizio is a magnificently full-blooded piece of characterization, with all the intimate warmth and humour, the hopes and shrug of disillusionment, that comes from close acquaintance with someone. The gallery of other characters makes the novel a rich slice of insight into the human condition.

**THE BELL JAR**, by Sylvia Plath (American). Novel, 1963, Faber. Published in the same year as her suicide, this is Sylvia Plath's only novel. In a sense it is an anti-romance, for it is a clear eyed account of Esther Greenwood's progression from girlhood to the outer edge of madness. Her route is through a tunnel of ordinary experiences and flashbacks to her school days and her relationship with Buddy — the all-American boy. Images of sickness, both personal and in society, gradually develop. And Esther discovers that her route is without signposts, only echoes of social and sexual confusion.

**BUSH STUDIES**, by Barbara Baynton (Australian). Stories, 1902, Angus & Robertson. If the mythic image of Australian bush life ever needed a solid crack on the head this slim collection of remarkably powerful stories comes crashing down on it

stories and mostly they are about women in the bush. Baynton's characters come to life against the oppressive and threatening landscape which includes exploitation and abuse by men. The scarifying perversion of mateship in the story "Squeaker's Mate" makes the work of Henry Lawson seem trifling and sentimental, and the injured woman of the tale becomes a strange and tragic figure. Baynton only ever published six stories during her lifetime — in all, the combination of a hard edge with subtle colouring produces peculiarly dramatic and moving fiction.

**THE FAN MAN**, by William Kotzwinkle (American). Novel, 1974, Avon. Super cool, beautiful disorganised, and supremely funny is

Horse Bajortes — hip master of useless alternatives and church choir leader. This is his life, man, his bizarre and most unlikely adventures as a counter-culture survivor of New York. It's an uproarously racy narrative and the world flashes past at such a delightfully acute angle that the freakish becomes the real. With comic-strip zaniness, Kotzwinkle's style drags you right along after it. Recommended for those who like "a bit of a chuckle" and have a strong heart.

**THE CONFIDENCE MAN**, by Herman Melville (American). Novel, 18. Don't be put off by the date or by the whale-sized reputation of Melville. This is an intriguing and deceptive tale. The central character — is he one man with many disguises or many men, devil or saint? And

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*The Press* (Wellington)

*The Fat Man in History*, weird and wonderful stories by Peter Carey (\$4.95)

"Carey is a real discovery: a new force in the Australian short story." Douglas Stewart, *Sydney Morning Herald*

*Living Together*, a ribald novel by Michael Wilding (\$4.95)

"Very funny and slyly provocative."

Carl Harrison-Ford, *The Australian*

## Here's poetry, hot from the presses:

*Water Life*, by Judith Rodriguez (with linocuts, \$3.50)

*Poems from Murrumbidgee*, by R. A. Simpson (\$1.75)

*Absence in Strange Countries*, by Andrew McDonald (\$1.75)

*New Devil, New Parish*, by Alan Wearne (\$1.75)

\* These are recommended paperback prices. Cloth editions also available.



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**University of Queensland Press**

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why do so few fellow, passengers suspect him? Melville collects the most simple, most ambiguous questions as he drifts on an entertaining journey through modern industrial society — through religion, big business, personal relationships. Right up to its dark conclusion this is a masterpiece of fiction where each seductive word has a place in a flawless jigsaw puzzle.

**THE ELECTRICAL EXPERIENCE:** BY Frank Moorhouse (Australian). Discontinuous narrative (linked stories), 1974, Angus & Robertson. T. George McDowell is a small town businessman — innovative in soft drinks, a dedicated Rotarian, but a subtle failure as a human being. With firm and easy brushwork, Moorhouse paints a clear picture of this man and his opinions and dislikes, his obsessions and loyalties. But it is through the gaps here and there, at first hardly recognizable, that the raw canvas of his character is exposed. This is a thoroughly readable and witty book — a "novel of stories" from one of the most promising young writers in Australia.

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destinies of the World do not sleep."*

more bing de mucci record reviews  
[the rest are on page 23 ]

**ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA**  
A NEW WORLD RECORD  
UNITED ARTISTS L36088

Further adventures in the string  
trade with the old masters of mixed  
media rock. ELO's expanding



popularity and increased critical notice testify that for a band which keeps its standards' the persistent interest and attachment of a cult following will eventually bring them into the public domain and its rewards. Maybe I liked The Move a little more but "Blackberry Way" along with the Kinks' "Waterloo Sunset" represents the great golden age of singles and trannies - and with roots still quite explicitly in that prior and magic band [that flat booming production sound has never varied] one can be forgiven for expecting the extraordinary, and delighted that ELO rarely falter in meeting that expectation.

**MICHAEL FRANKS — SLEEPING GYPSY [WARNER BROTHERS]**

Made in the shade. Make no confessions, just buy the record. Providing the textures seamed by Frank's breathy vocals (Donovan? Colin Blunstone?) is an all star cast, no used up l.a. backscratchers, and very possibly the group most apt for the kind of urbane supple songs he produces. Influenced by his compadre Antonio Carlos Jobim and partly recorded in Brazil with local luminaries, the inflection is cool and sly — the widest tonal variation on the album coming from the alternation of David Sanborn's alto and Michael Brecker's tenor saxes while the surface is clear and light, broken occasionally by the glittering scales of Larry Carlton's fish guitar. With Wilton Felder and Joe Sample from the Crusaders rendering their exact services to boot, what could possibly go wrong? Well, even if you can imagine something I can tell you it didn't. File under fine



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# CANE TOAD REVIEW OF WHAT'S ON IN BRISBANE



## MUSIC

### ROCK CONCERTS

Ross Ryan (Her Majesty's Theatre)  
**SUN 1 May** (Tickets \$5.40)  
 DR. Hook (Festival Hall)  
**MON 9 May** (Tickets \$8.40)  
 Brian Ferry (Festival Hall)  
**THUR 12 FRI 13 May**  
 Cliff Richards (Festival Hall)  
**MON 16 May** (Tickets \$7.50)  
**MON 16 May** (Tickets \$7.50)  
 Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons  
 (Festival Hall)  
**WED 1 June** (Tickets \$7.50)  
 Sherbert (Festival Hall)  
**SAT 4 June** (Tickets \$6.40)

### JAZZ

Melbourne Hotel (Every Thursday)  
 Twelfth Night Theatre Basement  
 Every Tues and Sat)

To mark Silver Jubilee Year, a new play is opening in London. It is called 'Corgi and Bess'.

### QUEENSLAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA presents concerts during May.

**THURS 12 at 8 pm. 1ST GOLD SUBSCRIPTION ORCHESTRAL CONCERT** — Conductor, Elyakum Shapira — Soloist, Ian Partridge (tenor) and Barry Tuckwell (horn) — Works by Barber, Britten, and Bartok — Mayne Hall, University of Queensland.  
**SAT 28 at 7.30 pm. 2ND YOUTH ORCHESTRAL CONCERT** — Queensland Symphony Orchestra and Queensland Youth Orchestra, — Works by Berlioz, Butterworth, Rimsky-Korsakov and Dvorak — City Hall, Brisbane.

### DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

**DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC PRESENTS: CONCERT with the University Choir and Orchestra** — Conductor Noel Nickson — Programme to be announced — The Performance Room, Music Building, University of Queensland. **MON MAY 30 at 6.30 pm.**

### DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC LUNCH HOUR RECITALS:

**Tues 3** Brisbane State High School String Orchestra - Programme to include works of Bach  
**Tues 10** Barbara Wilson (soprano), Keith Birchley (piano), and Mark Givzdalla (piano) - Works by Schubert and Chopin.  
**Tues 24** Bohemian trio - Program to include works by Beethoven.  
**Tues 31** University Orchestra.  
 The Performance Room, Music Building, Uni of Qld., at 1.10pm - admission free.

3 10 24 31

### DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC SUNDAY RECITALS:

**Sun 8** Works by Marais and Beethoven.  
**Sun 29** Works by Mendelsohn, Penderecki, Suk, and others.  
 The Performance Room, Music Building, Uni of Qld., at 3pm — Admission free.

### QUEENSLAND CONSERVATORIUM OF MUSIC presents:

**Recital by Aulos Wind Ensemble**  
 Works by Beethoven — Conservatorium Auditorium, Gardens point, George Street, Brisbane  
**SUN 15 MAY at 3pm.**

### MUSICA VIVA AUSTRALIA

**presents:** Concert by Beaux Arts Trio — Works by Beethoven and Schubert — Mayne Hall, Uni of Qld — Adults A Reserve \$5.50, B Reserve \$ 4.30; Students and Pensioners \$2 at door.  
**Sat 14 May at 8.15pm.**

### KELVIN GROVE COLLEGE OF ADVANCED EDUCATION

**MUSIC DEPARTMENT presents:**  
**Thurs 5 At 1.15pm** a piano recital by Betty Dergara — Program to include "Pictures at an Exhibition" by Moussorgsky — Admission free.

### QUEENSLAND OPERA

**COMPANY:** (St. John's Cathedral)  
 Lunch hour recitals — thurs 12 & Fri 15 MAY at 3pm.

### QUEENSLAND YOUTH ORCHESTRA presents:

Concert by Junior Strings conducted by Christopher Andrews — Qld Conservatorium Auditorium, Gardens Point, George St.  
**MON 30 MAY at 7.30pm.**

It was a dark and stormy night in Brisbane and the Cane Toads were croaking contentedly in their subterranean caverns far from the beams of the carlights, the ominous swish of car tyres running over other Cane Toads. It was March and somewhere off the coast, The Queen was playing cards; dreading another day of smiles and waving to crowds in the colonies.

Sir Samuel de

Joggins lay in bed, with what he thought was the Flu. It was really just a strained back, but you can never be to sure) He had planned to renounce his Knighthood and incinerate himself as a protest for the new republic. Now he felt to burnt out.

One of his cronies was talking to him about the great white hope of Queensland publishing, The Cane Toad Times.

"If you want to sell it you want FAME you want NOTORIETY; you oughta send a copy to Russ Hinze — or Erica Parker, she'd be even better — and write a letter saying you're a mother of ten and you're disgusted this is being sold to kids."

Samuel de Joggins pulled the lever which operated the trapdoor on which the owner of the voice was standing. With a soul searing scream, the man plummeted



# THEATRES, GALLERIES



**THE QUEENSLAND BALLET:**  
**THE NUTCRACKER, ACT //** —  
 Indooroopilly Shoppingtown —  
 Tuesday May 3 to Friday May 13.  
**SPIN-OFF '77** — Experimental  
 programme of new works —  
 Monday May 16 — Saturday May  
 21.

**BRISBANE ARTS THEATRE**  
 (210 Petrie Terrace): **HOW THE  
 OTHER HALF LOVES** by Roger  
 Ockroyd — Director Kevin Rad-  
 bourne — Wed. May 4 to Saturday  
 May 14.

**ABELARD AND HELOISE** by  
 Ronald Miller — Director Ian  
 Thomson — Thursday May 19 to  
 Saturday June 18 Wednesday to  
 Saturday at 8.15 p.m. — Adults  
 \$3.50; Student concessions —  
 Bookings at theatre (36 2344).  
**PINNOCHIO** — Jason Savage  
 production — Mon to Fri, at 10.30  
 a.m. and 2 p.m.; and Sat at 2 p.m.  
 — Adults \$2.50, children \$1.50 —  
 Mon May 2 to Sat May 14.  
**HANSEL AND GRETEL** — Child-  
 ren's play directed by Catherine  
 Sparks and Jay McKee — Sat at 2  
 p.m. — Adults \$2.50; Children  
 \$1.50 — From Sat May 21 (cont.  
 into June).

**Brisbane Repertory Theatre at La  
 Botte** (57 Hale Street, Milton):  
**GREASE** — Rock musical by Jim  
 Jacobs and Warren Casey —  
 Director Graeme Johnston (Spec-  
 ial performances, Sun May 18 and  
 Sun May 29 at 5.30 p.m.) — Wed  
 to Saturday at 8 p.m. (Fri 13 at  
 6.30 p.m.) — Adults \$3.50;

students, pensioners and children  
 \$2.50 — bookings at theatre (36  
 1932). **Wed May 4 to Sat June 4.**

**Brisbane Youth Theatre** (Kelvin  
 Grove College of Advanced Education  
 Drama Theatre). **THE FROG  
 PRINCE** — Musical for children 8  
 director Gloria Birdwood-Smith —  
 Mon to Fri at 10 a.m. (also Wed at  
 2 p.m.), and Sat at 2 p.m. only —  
 Adults \$2; pensioners and children  
 \$1. Mon May 9 to Sat May 14.

**TWELFTH NIGHT THEATRE  
 INC.,** (4 Cintra Road, Bowen  
 Hills.):

**SOMETHING'S AFOOT** —  
 Musical based on "Ten Little  
 Niggers" — Director Joan Whalley  
 — Tues to Sat, at 8.15 pm. — Tues  
 \$3; Wed, Thurs, Fri & Sat, \$4.50  
 — Bookings at Theatre (52-5889).  
**TUES MAY 3 to SAT May 14.**

**VILLANOVA PLAYERS, St.**  
 James Hall, Kirkland Avenue,  
 Coorparoo. **BUTTERFLIES ARE  
 FREE** — Director Kevin Ryan —  
 Nightly at 8 pm. — Bookings  
 (397-9060). **THURS MAY 5 to SAT  
 MAY 7.**

**CAMERATA THEATRE** (Avalon  
 Theatre, Schonell Drive, St Lucia):  
**THE WINTER'S TALE** by Shake-  
 speare — Director David Gittens  
 — Sun May 1 to Sat May 7.  
**THE SEAGULL** by Anton Chekov  
 — Director Ann Monsour — Thurs  
 May 20 to Sun June 26. Thurs to

Sun at 8 p.m. — adults \$2.50;  
 students \$2; pensioners and child-  
 ren \$1 — enquiries 36 6561.

**SHAKESPEARE UNDER THE  
 STARS** — presented in association  
 with the Autistic Centre at the  
 Centre, 77 Hillside Tee, St. Lucia  
 — \$5 (including supper) — EN-  
 quiries 3715581 **SUN May 1**  
 from 6.30 pm.

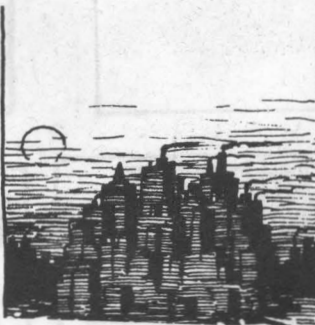
**Community Theatre** (Kelvin Grove  
 College of Advanced Education  
 Drama Theatre): **GOING HOME**  
 by Alma de Groen — Wed to Sat at  
 8 p.m. — Adults \$2. **SAT May 21 to  
 Sat June 4.**

**QUEENSLAND ART GALLERY  
 SOCIETY: RECITAL** by Queens-  
 land Modern and Contemporary  
 Dance Company — Queensland  
 Art Gallery, M.I.M. Building, ann  
 St, Brisbane — Admission \$1 —  
 Bookings, Mrs S. Miller.  
 (379-6641). **THURS MAY 19 at  
 8 pm.**

**DESIGN ART CENTRE, 37**  
 Leichardt Street, Spring Hill —  
 (2212360). Graphics exhibition by  
 Queensland artists — **SUN 1 MAY**  
 to **WED 4 MAY**. Fabrics exhibit-  
 ion by Pam Prescott — **THURS 5**  
**MAY to SAT 28 MAY**. Tues to Fri,  
 10 am to 4 pm; Sat, 10 am to 5 pm.

**INSTITUTE OF MODERN ART,**  
 24 Market Street, Brisbane —  
 (229-5985). Paintings on slate-tile  
 (1941-42), and new drawings 1977  
 by Sidney Nolan — **SUN 1 May to  
 TUES 17 MAY.**

Nine Large Drawings by James  
 Rosenquist — **SUN 1 MAY to  
 TUES 17 MAY.**



**QUEENSLAND ARTS COUNCIL**  
 presents the following exhibitions  
 during May:

**The Creative Child** — an exhibition  
 of the works of Franz Dworschak's  
 art classes in an orphanage near  
 Vienna. Les Blakebrough Ceramics  
 — exhibition of functional ceramic  
 — presented in association with  
 Queensland Crafts Association and  
 Crafts Council of Australia.  
 Rubens and the Antwerp School of  
 the 17th Century — on loan from  
 Belgian Embassy (as part of  
 International Rubens Year).  
 Brisbane City Hall — Enquiries  
 (221-5900).

down. Sir samuel's office  
 was situated above the  
 Queensland Newspaper's  
 building, and the man  
 fell into the gargantuan  
 printing presses to be  
 crushed up and maled  
 and spread  
 across the front pages of  
 the Telegraph. That after-  
 noon the headlines read  
 "MAN MAKES NEWS"  
 So end all sensationalists!

'Forces are at work'  
 de Joggins thought "bent  
 on reducing us all to the  
 intellectual level of a  
 retarded cucumber. We  
 have gathered under the  
 banner of the Cane Toad,  
 a group of cartoonists  
 and writers, but we need  
 more! I must write an ad

**WANTED  
 CARTOONISTS  
 WRITERS**  
*The Cane Toad Times*  
**P.O.BOX  
 215  
 BROADWAY**

*Contributors remunerated.*

**THANKS TO THE QLD.  
 CULTURAL AFFAIRS  
 FOR MUCH OF THE  
 INFORMATION IN THIS  
 SECTION.**

**PLANET  
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 and community oriented  
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 Valley**



# AN ANGLIA ARCADE

## The Source Health Foods

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**ASIAN AND AUSTRALIAN HANDICRAFTS**

*Clothing, Jewellery, Incense, Wall hangings,  
Bric-a-brac.*

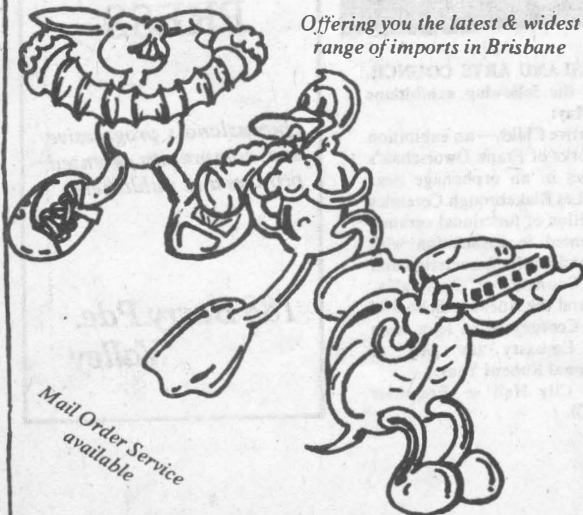
## THE RED AND BLACK BOOKSHOP

- LIBERTARIAN BOOKS & PAMPHLETS
- POLITICS
- ART
- FEMINISM
- ECOLOGY
- LIFE STYLES, HEALTH
- EDUCATION
- PSYCHOLOGY

## DISCREET IMPORT RECORDS

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Yesterdays Clothes  
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## MOVIES

**FRENCH DEPARTMENT FILM SCREENING**, Room 81, Forgan Smith Building, University of Queensland.  
**A NOUS LA LIBERTE** (1931, R. Clair)  
 French films with English subtitles — Admission free.  
**MON 9 at 1 pm.**

### SCHONELL THEATRE FILM SCREENINGS:

**SUN 1 — HAMLET** (Laurence Olivier) — 4.30 pm.  
**SUN 8 — RICHARD III** (Lawrence Olivier) — 4.30 pm.  
**OERS UZALA** (Kurosowa) — 8 pm.

**TUES 10 — TALES OF BEATRIX POTTER** (royal Ballet), and to **FRI 13 THE LITTLE ARK** — 1 pm.  
**SUN 15 — CAVALERIA RUSTICANA** (Teatro Dell Scala Milan)

**PAGLIACCI** — 4pm

**WED 18 — BETWEEN WARS**, and **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF** — 7.30 pm.  
**SAT 21 TATRY** (Polish Folklov Ensemble) — 3 pm. & 8 pm.  
**SUN 22 — COSI FAN TUTTE** — 4 pm.  
**WED 25 PYGMALION**, and **REBECCA** — 7.30 pm.  
**THURS 26 — JACQUES BREL** (Ingmar Bergman), and to **SAT 28 FACE TO FACE** — 7.30 pm.  
**SUN 29 — FIDELIO** — 4 pm.  
 Bookings at Theatre (371-1879).

### BRISBANE CINEMA GROUP SCREENING, Railto Theatre, West End.

**MATA HARI TWO-FACED WOMAN**  
 Admission members only — Enrolment at Screening (\$16 per annum) — Enquiries, American Bookstore (229-4821).  
**THURS 5 MAY at 7.30 pm.**



### ALTERNATIVE AWARENESS MOVEMENT

Relaxation Centre (Cnr. Wickham & Brooke St.)

Personal Growth Course

**THUR /& May 6pm.**

**FRI 20 May 6pm.**

**SAT 22 May 9am.**

**SUN 22 May 9am.**

**COMMUNICATION:** Talk by John Swinburn **18 May 7.45pm.**  
**FINDHORN:** Talk by Lionel Fifield

**TUES 31 May 7.45pm.**

**HUMAN POTENTIAL GROUP**  
 Flat 4 189 Birdwood Tce. Toowong  
 Every Sunday 7.30 pm.

**TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION** (Centaur House 391 Wickham Tce.) Every Wed at 11.00am and 8.00 pm

## NATIONAL FILM THEATRE

Basement Australian Government Centre, (Cnr. Anne & Creek Sts.)

**WED 4 L'amour d'une Femme.**

**Au Coeur de la Vie.**

**11 A Bigger Splash**

**18 Solaris**

**TUES 24 As You Desire Me:**

**Greto Garbo,**

**Erid Von Stroheim.**

**Day Break**

**WED 25 Andy Warhol's HEAT:**  
**BLOOD for DRACULA**

**PROGRAMME 7.30 Latecomers**  
 not admitted.

## BRISBANE PREGNANCY TESTING CENTRE

° *No appointment needed*

° *No names required*

° *Strictly confidential*

° *10am - 2pm Mon, Wed & Fri.*

**2nd Floor National Bank Chambers**  
**180 Queen St. City 229 6076**

## IMPORT RECORDS



## ROCKING HORSE RECORDS

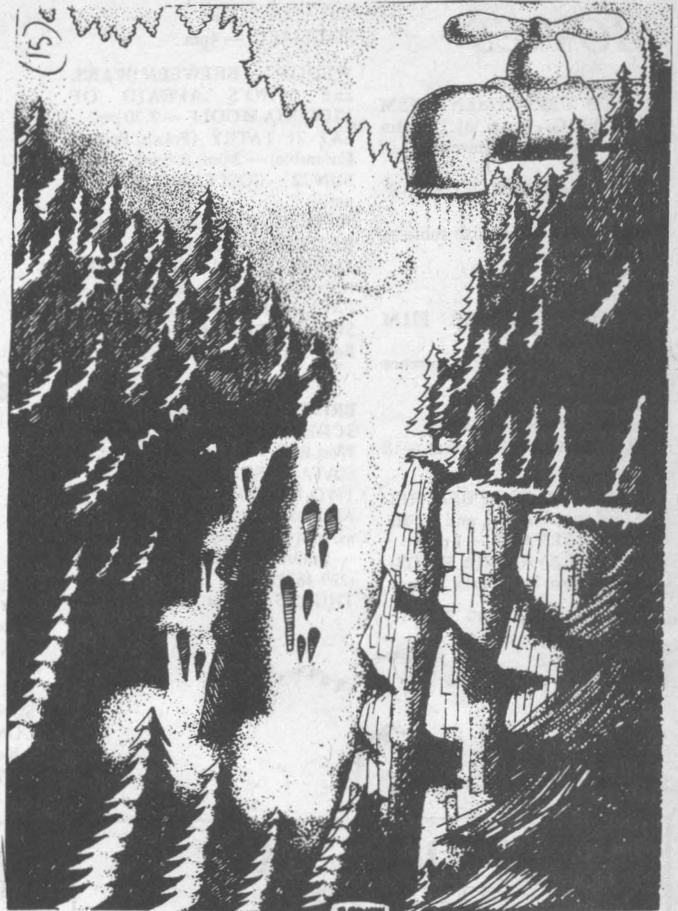
**ROWES ARCADE**  
**205-207 ADELAIDE ST., BRISBANE**  
**Phone 229 5360**





THE CANE TOAD TIMES  
BRISBANE CARTOONISTS

MATT MAWSON





## MAKING FRIENDS IN THE COLONIES

when we first moved here there wasn't much to do  
and we didn't have a car  
and anyway there weren't many places to go yet

for a while we held public hangings in martin place  
afterwards we'd patiently watch the sun setting  
into the blue mountains  
like some strange new brand of jelly  
and we couldn't say much but we'd think there  
we've lost another day  
afterwards I'd go back to your place  
or you'd come back to mine  
but we didn't have a car  
and even if we'd had one there weren't many places  
to go yet anyway

but the government was on to it  
they uncoiled a long thin strip of tarmac from one  
end of the bush to the other  
and it soon sunk into the scrub the way a hose  
sinks into the lawn  
they put up signs at the end like "Townsville"  
and "Melbourne"  
and "Please Slow Down"  
even if they weren't really places you could  
still drive there or you could ask what's it  
like in Melbourne these days  
and I could say pretty cold

II

if you skimp on sleep you can drive straight  
through in under two days  
and this is what people are constantly doing  
all through the night they burn floodlights  
do you think you are catching up on sleep  
everyone is escaping  
moving very fast  
insomniacs patrol the country's dreams

the drive is a hard one not many surprises  
the tree tops get more and more complicated  
billowing

the thoughts that circulate in the driver's  
brain usually manage to have little to do with  
what's going on outside some are connected  
with the car and about half are connected with sex  
and of course *you* seem  
to come into just about everything  
you keep thinking and thinking  
the place you have come from and when  
you should hit town  
tomorrow morning  
or without meaning to  
you drift under the lee of a hill and forget  
everything  
any reason will do

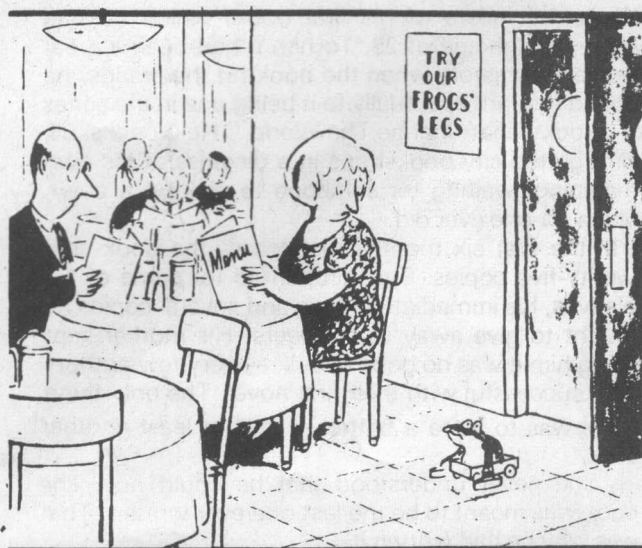
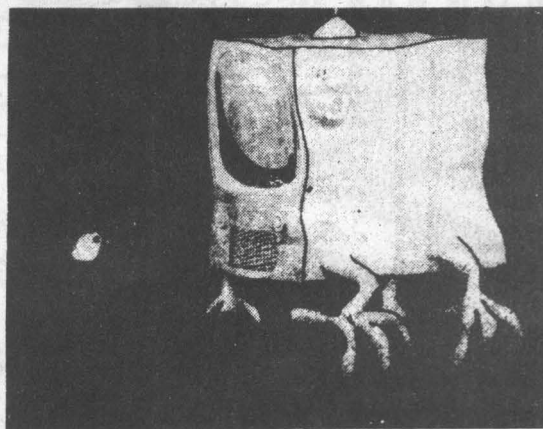
## WILLIAM BLAKE AND THE INDIGESTIBLES.

She says she is sorry,  
she has made a mistake  
and she offers him a piece  
of her everlasting cake;  
love was the right thing, she says —  
friendship was a fake.

now he apologizes  
for being incredible  
but she claims to find  
his condolences inedible.

and she comes round  
and he goes round  
and round  
till one makes the other cry  
and each asks the other  
why why why

do we apologize?  
we cant be sorry, we still eat other people's shit  
for breakfast.





## WISHFUL THINKING DEPARTMENT

Rumour has it, that our beloved Premier has the following plaque in his office.

# 'OL SLUG LIP GETS IT ALL TOGETHER

